



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

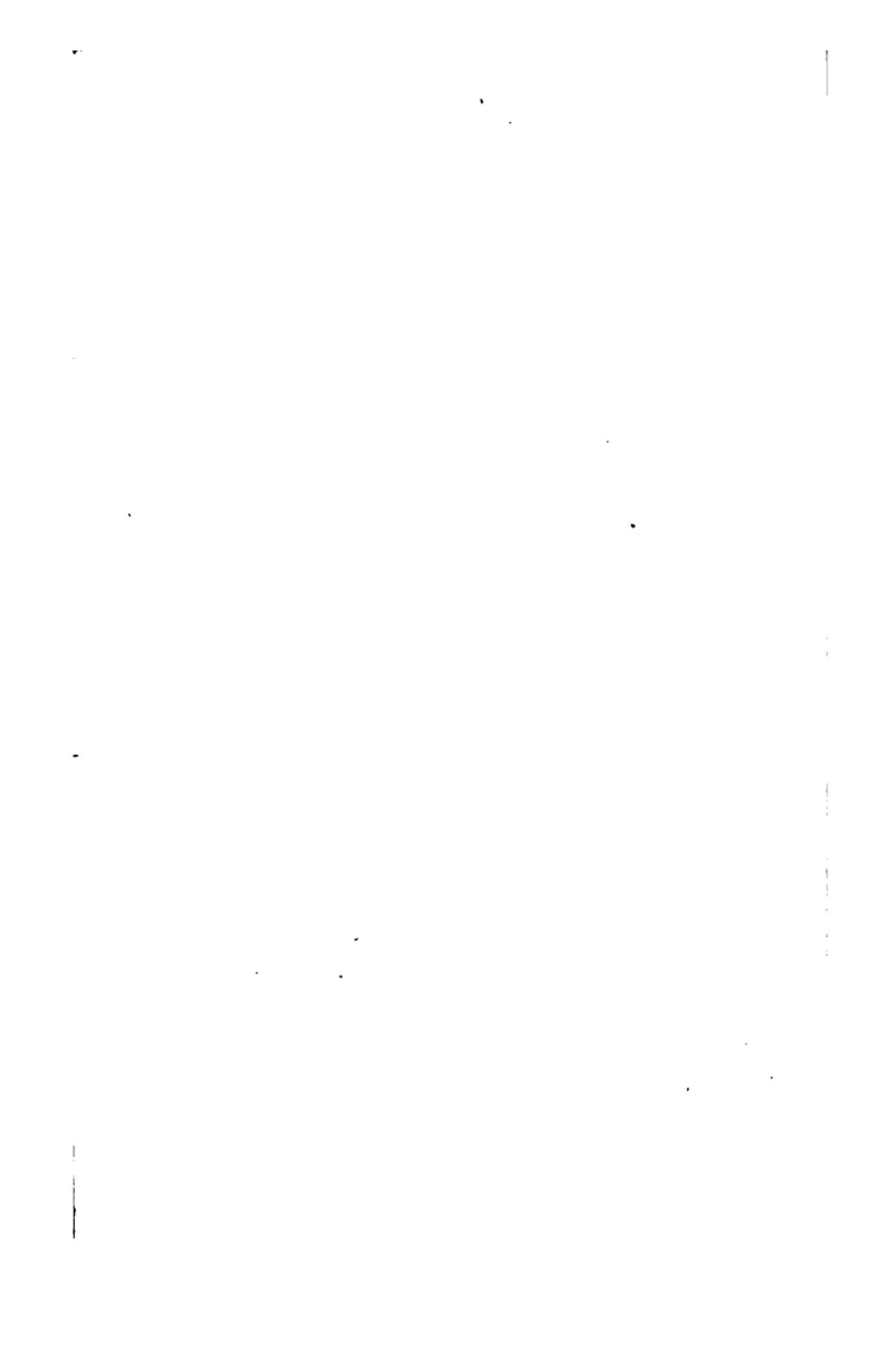


**600603426Q**

**42.**

**156.**





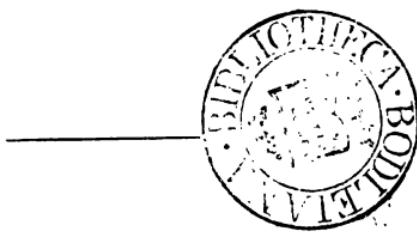
# AFRICA

A MISSIONARY POEM.

BY

REV. JOSEPH RIDGWAY, M.A.

RECTOR OF HIGH RODING, ESSEX.



LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

1842.

156.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET.

THE following short poem is one of a series, in which the effects of sin, as depicted in the sad condition of the unevangelized portions of the human race, and the triumphs of the Gospel, as illustrated in different scenes of missionary labour at the present day, are placed in contrast with each other.

The suppression or publication of the remaining parts depends on whether the present brief attempt is deemed worthy of perusal or otherwise.

*April 26, 1842.*



## CONTENTS.

---

Africa, its name, whence derived—The Barbary states—The Moor, his character and creed—The results of Mohammedanism—The absence of missionary effort on these shores—The apathy of the church, contrasted with the earnest zeal of the first Christians.

Bled-el-Jereede—The Arabs—The Zahara—The Tuaricks—The slave-trade—The miseries it inflicts—Its injustice—The method pursued by the slave-dealer—The Ghazzie—The negro-town—The captives—The slave-ship.

An oasis in the desert—Sierra Leone—Its object—The liberation afforded here, a type of a higher liberation—The necessity of emancipation from the yoke of evil—In what true freedom consists.

The necessity of perseverance in missionary labours at Sierra Leone—The motives which urge to this—The superiority of labours such as these.

The discouragements at Sierra Leone—Their intention—The proper office of faith—The prospects and future usefulness of this mission—Its varied population—Their future return home, and successful labours—The Niger expedition—The lesson conveyed by its failure.

South Africa—The aborigines—Their wrongs—The effects of the injurious treatment received by them from the hands of the first settlers—The Caffre war—The gradual extinction of the aboriginal tribes—The dawn of a better æra.

George Schmidt, the first christian missionary to the South African tribes—The result of his labours—Guadenthal—Bethelsdorp.



## AFRICA.

---

LAND of the sable African ! his home  
If unmolested, eminent in woe,  
From whose wide circling shores the bitter cries  
Of suff'ring man, for centuries prolong'd,  
Compassion vainly supplicate, thy name\*  
Descriptive of thy state, is well bestow'd ;  
A sever'd land, mysteriously disjoined  
From all the wonted sympathies of life,  
And doom'd to be oppress'd, a vast extent  
Of pathless regions, though intrepid men,

\* Among the other roots from which the word "Africa" may have been derived, is the Hebrew term "phreka," broken off or separated, which strongly expresses the relation of this continent in reference to Asia, (from which it is nearly detached,) the original country of mankind. Thus Aphreka, slightly modified, is Africa, the detached or separated country." Meyer's Mod. Geog., vol. ii. 392

Martyrs to science, resolute to die,  
Have oft essay'd to penetrate these depths,  
And solve the myst'ry—plain and mountain range,  
And sandy desert, where the scorching sun,  
By the refreshing breeze of milder climes  
Untemper'd, fiercely glares—when shall the light  
Of welcome morn, aggressive on the gloom  
Of ages, glorious rise ; the mists that long  
Have veiled this mighty continent disperse  
Before advancing day, and grace and truth  
Like copious dews, drop fatness on the waste ?  
When shall the welcome messengers of heaven,  
With mercy charged, on deeds of love intent,  
Visit each scatter'd tribe, each clime explore—  
Kashna and Bornou, where the lake of Tchad  
Glows 'neath the solar ray, where Houssa lies  
Or Timbuctoo, or where the long-sought tide  
Of the majestic Niger winds its course—  
As with unweared eye the negro seeks,  
Midst sand and clay, grains of the virgin gold,  
From some rich crevice in the mountain's brow,  
Wash'd by descending streams, thus searching out  
Fragments of erring man more precious far.  
O'er boundless tracts the sable nations spread,  
Unnumber'd as the leaves that densely clothe  
Their native forests, or the waves that beat  
On Afric's shore.

Where the huge Atlas hides\*  
Its everlasting summits in the clouds,  
As if with giant pillars to sustain  
The firmament above, rich plains expand,  
The ancient Mauritania, and the realms  
Where once the Carthaginian merchant rul'd ;  
The sea of Europe bathes them, and they lie  
Shaded by guardian heights, that interpose  
To screen their full luxuriance from the winds  
Of the hot desert. Nature here assumes  
A varying aspect ; lonely places blend  
Their rugged features with more favoured spots,  
And cultivation lingers on the verge  
Of some wide waste monotonously drear ;  
The lovely and unlovely all confused,  
In contrast meet. From the disburthen'd branch  
Drops the ripe olive, and the luscious fruit  
Falls in the marble reservoir that waits  
To save the precious harvest ; citrons vie  
With swelling oranges, the clust'ring grape  
And pomegranate abound, and breezes fresh  
From everlasting snows, wafting along  
The breath of roses, and of citron flowers,  
Delicious fragrance shed ; majestic palms  
Rise o'er Morocco's plain ; the wand'ring clouds,

\* Some of the summits of the Atlas exceed 13,000 feet in height, and are covered with perpetual snow.

By giant peaks arrested, lavish forth  
Their hidden treasures, and in streams descend  
To fertilize the soil. Traveller, haste,  
Enjoy the precious moments as they fly,  
View nature in her loveliness, for scenes  
Far different await thee ! Nations here  
Their pyramids of glory rais'd awhile,  
And Carthage traded, and the Roman ruled ;  
Beneath the Saracen's protecting care  
Science was cultured, and the transient light  
Of human learning linger'd for a time ;  
Nay, Christian faith illumination shed,  
And Cyprian suffered, and Augustin toil'd ;  
Now utterly extinguished, all its light  
Quench'd in barbarian gloom. The plains are  
strew'd  
With relics of the past, the ruined sites  
Of noble cities, palaces and baths,  
And marble pillars, traces of the Greek  
Or Punic rule, or where the Latin rear'd  
High trophies of his might. Sprung from the  
wreck  
Of shatter'd dynasties, the Moor is found  
Degenerated heir of nobler times ;  
His brow is shaded by the sullen gloom  
Of his delusive creed ; the bitter foe  
Of Christians and their faith, yet covetous

Of Christian gold, he mann'd his corsair bark,  
Dread pirate of the deep, and swept the seas ;  
The sombre flag that floated on the gale  
Portended death, his glitt'ring sabre smote  
All who resistance dar'd ; the hapless few  
Who still surviv'd, sad mourners for the loss  
Of relatives and home, doom'd to a life  
Of tribulation, trembling at the frown  
Of an unfeeling master, unsupplied  
With necessary food, and harshly task'd  
Beyond endurance, pin'd beneath the yoke.  
Despairing of redemption, one by one,  
Of broken hearts they died, and others came  
Heirs of the self-same wretchedness to drain  
Th' unfinish'd cup, till England's glorious flag,  
That never floats so nobly on the breeze  
As when unfurl'd to paralyze the hand  
Of harsh injustice, and the weak protect,  
Aveng'd these wrongs, and 'neath the wasting fire  
Of her majestic ships, the pirates' forts  
And bristling lines were levell'd in the dust.  
Then many a captive who had once enjoy'd  
The blessedness of freedom, the bright shores  
Of Italy, his birth-place, treasur'd still  
In fond remembrance, friends and well-lov'd home,  
The shadowy traces of departed days,  
All that remain'd to cheer him as he toil'd

In galling fetters 'neath the harsh rebuke  
Of turban'd lords ; who in his gloomy cell  
Had wept 'till wearied nature sank to rest,  
And dreams of happier hours, of distant friends,  
And freedom lost yet wond'rously regain'd,  
Came hov'ring o'er his spirit, woke to hear  
The triumph of the brave, the loud rebuke  
Of cruelty and lust, th' exploding shell  
Which thinn'd th' oppressors' ranks, and made the  
soul  
Of gloomy tyrants tremble, till their hand  
Drew back th' unwilling bars and freed the slave,  
As Egypt Israel freed, when bitter cries  
Rose from a mourning land, and parents wept  
The promise of their house, the first-born dead,  
And all their hopes laid low.

Not strange indeed,  
These harsh developments of Moslem faith ;  
More strange if otherwise, for doctrines yield  
Congenial fruit, some merciful from heaven  
In mercy's deeds delight, some steel the heart,  
Foment contention, disconnect the bonds  
Of brotherhood, and substitute the scowl  
Of bitter hatred for the winning grace  
Of true benevolence. The prophet's creed,  
Tenacious of its hold, the human heart  
Its passions and propensities, the soil

From whence it draws support, grows rankly there.  
O'ershadowing the mind, it intercepts  
The light that heav'n imparts, and sheds around  
The gloom of prejudice. Beneath the shade,  
So poisonous the influence that it breathes,  
No lovely tempers bloom. O'er many a clime,  
And nation glorious once, this upas rears  
Its giant form, and desolation casts  
O'er all the blighted energies of man :  
Expansive power is lost.\* The rushing tide  
Of population shrivels and contracts.  
Sepulchral fields and whitened tombs that lie  
'Neath weeping cypresses alone increase ;

\* Few occurrences can evince more clearly a calamitous condition of the human race than habitual diminution of population. One of the first and most powerful laws of our nature, is "increase and multiply." When we, therefore, observe an instinct so imperative frustrated, and the most powerful tendencies of nature turned out of their due course, there can be no doubt that some mighty evil is at work, and such is precisely the case in the Turkish empire. In whatever direction the traveller proceeds, he observes cemeteries crowded with the dead, and if he inquires where are their descendants, no answer can be given. Frequently no town, no village, no cottage, on the borders of the deserted burial-ground, can suggest the reply, these are the children of the deceased.—Researches in Greece and the Levant, by Rev. J. Hartley.

There by some recent grave the Moslem sits,  
Mourning with bitter tears, and plung'd in grief.  
Intelligence and industry, the stir  
Of active healthful life, the busy sounds  
Of thriving man have ceas'd ! depressing gloom—  
Time sluggish in its course—the intellect  
Stagnant, inactive—life, a stupid dream  
Of sensual indulgence—indolence  
Predominant o'er all, its sad results  
Temples and noble buildings in decay—  
The harem, and its hapless inmates doom'd  
In wearisome luxuriousness to pass  
Their joyless days—and jealousies and strife—  
So man deteriorates, the nobler part  
Sunk in voluptuousness, indisposed  
To high resolve and efforts that improve.  
When shall the crescent wane, th' unwholesome  
blight  
Of Islam's faith from these fair shores depart,  
And Christian churches from their mould'ring ruins,  
By pious hands be rais'd ; the pillar'd mosques  
No longer echo to the Moslem's pray'r;  
From the white shafted minaret the voice  
Of loud Muezzims cease—when better themes  
Than cold discourses from the Koran's page,  
By Imans coldly utter'd, shall be heard,

And the low-bending worshipper pronounce  
Another name, that on the sinner's pray'r  
Sheds rich acceptance? Now that glorious name  
Is execrated here. The Moslem scorns  
A Giaours' faith, repudiates his love,  
And Christians aw'd, and fearful to provoke  
Intolerance so great, despairing leave  
The zealot to his doom. No dauntless hand  
Unfurls the snow white banner of the cross  
On these deserted shores, no faithful voice  
Urges the Saviour's claims—one feeble sound,\*  
Sole effort of the Church, from Tunis comes,  
All else is still, a silence that condemns.  
Not thus in polish'd Athens, rich in stores  
Of human wisdom but of God devoid,  
The senselessness of idols Paul denounc'd;  
Not thus a lowly pris'ner at the foot  
Of Cæsar's throne, surrounded by the pomp  
Of earthly grandeur, midst the glitt'ring throng,  
Alone yet undismay'd, the Apostle stood  
In all the fearless majesty of truth,  
Confessor of a faith that princes scorned,  
And multitudes blasphem'd. The haughty frown  
That made the nations tremble, aw'd not him;

\* The Rev. F. C. Ewald, of the Jews' Society, ordained by the Bishop of London, the only Protestant missionary in Northern Africa; he is stationed at Tunis.

Prepar'd to die its doctrines he avow'd,  
And with impassion'd eloquence enforc'd  
Its universal claims. So Christians liv'd  
Martyrs in spirit, they had rather die  
Than purchase base exemption from their pains  
By dereliction of their Master's cause.  
The cross was then endur'd, not meanly shunn'd ;  
They toil'd for Christ, obedient to his word  
Intrepidly advanc'd, and found a path  
Where access hopeless seem'd. Triumphant thus,  
By deeds attested, lives of spotless hue,  
And suff'ring deaths most patiently endur'd,  
Truth, 'midst contending elements, arose,  
Ascendant o'er the prejudice of man.  
They mark'd its fruits and felt it was divine :  
They saw its high unselfishness, the love,  
The self-denying influence that it breath'd,  
And own'd it as of God. How chill'd the zeal  
That once so nobly suffer'd and prevail'd !  
The pilgrim spirit of those earlier days,  
Like gems of lustrous hue that as they rise  
In preciousness and worth more rare become,  
Is scarce indeed. Men wait till dangers cease,  
And swelling floods of enmity subside,  
And all is safe, unwilling to renounce  
The calm indulgence of domestic life,  
Appearances suffice, and shadows seem

Strong reasons for delay ; they pause till time,  
The clash of carnal weapons, and the strife  
Of hostile nations, make the pathway clear ;  
And resolute when kings the cause uphold,  
Forget that God protects : so Israel's host  
Stood trembling at the shore of Jordan's sea,  
And deem'd escape impossible,—their faith  
Irresolute and weak, when needed most ;  
But ere their feet were moistened in the wave,  
Th' opposing floods divided, piled on high  
Like adamantine walls : thus God ordains  
Not timid hesitation ; while we stand  
Distrustful of his care, the path is closed ;  
Obstructions move not ; but when strong in faith  
Christians advance, though storms and foaming  
waves

In furious onset rage, then God appears ;  
His glorious arm is bared ; the trembling earth  
Sinks at his touch ; the lofty mountains melt ;  
Through floods of tribulation safely led,  
The church her promised conquests shall achieve,  
Persuade the heathen, bend the Moslem's pride,  
And win the Jew to venerate the name  
So long blasphemed.

South of the Atlas range  
Less fertile tracts extend. Bled-el-Jereede  
The land of dates. The rivulets, which fed

By mountain showers, fall southward from the range,  
Caught by the vast Zahara's parching breath  
Are soon dried up, or lost in thirsty sands  
No irrigation yield. Here Arabs roam,  
Tenacious of their fathers' wand'ring life,  
In motley groups. Like restless mountain streams  
Flung o'er their rocky bed, and brawling still  
As obstacles arise, th' impetuous race  
Falls from the parent spring. The long jereed\*  
In folds around his person, the red cap  
With pendant tassel decked, his features dark  
With the sun's heat, borne on his active steed  
The roving Arab, in its distant haunts  
Pursues the ostrich, or with sudden charge  
Assaults the scatter'd kaffle, as it seeks  
Its pathway homeward o'er the desert plain.  
How vast this drear expanse ! in ages past  
Perhaps an ocean's bed, now parch'd and dry,  
A sea of sand, beneath the fiery glare  
Of torrid suns expos'd, oft visited  
By rushing storms, and clouds of choking dust ;

\* On their heads they wear a red cap, which is long enough to hang a little down on one side; from the top of it falls a tassel of blue silk. A wrapper of woollen, from about twenty to twenty-five feet in length, and five or six in breadth, woven rather more compactly than flannel, is wound round the body in folds.

No gushing spring revives, no verdure glads  
The wearied trav'ller's eye ; 'tis barren all—  
No sustenance for man, nor straggling herb  
For famished beast, here vegetates ;—so spread  
Thy teeming millions, Africa, dispers'd,  
O'er unknown lands, beyond the lunar range  
Of mountains, 'till their naked feet are press'd  
On thy remotest shore, where beat the waves  
Of India's ocean ; vast, and yet of good  
Devoid, uncultur'd, unimproved they lie  
A moral wilderness—there rankly grow  
Briers, and thorny crimes, and deeds of blood ;  
An evil energy o'ershades the soil  
With forms of vice gigantic, hideous dreams  
Of superstition, phantoms that affright,  
Stalk fearlessly ; and exhalations rise  
Pregnant with death ; no welcome produce there,  
No wholesome fruits, the character of man  
In rip'ning clusters grace. The Tuarick\*  
Find in the lonely desert's cheerless depths,  
Unenviable haunts, and hence they waste

\* The Tuarick appears to be an aboriginal African tribe. They are renowned warriors, and are always at war with the Soudan states, from whom they carry off an immense number of slaves. They seldom make use of horses, and prefer the " Heria" or Desert Camal, which is much better adapted to the purpose.

The Soudan states, and multitudes enslave.  
The trembling negroes mark the rising dust  
Of the marauder's host, as on the back  
Of his swift herie, through these blighted lands  
His desolating course he still pursues.  
O'er the wide plain in scattered groups are seen  
Mothers, and helpless children, and the aged,  
Urging their feeble limbs in hopeless flight.  
Oh ! miserable regions, where the strong  
On the defenceless prey, and each in turn  
Becomes the tyrant of some weaker tribe ;  
Where mercy, like the wearied dove, in vain  
Desires to rest a moment in its flight  
O'er scenes of tribulation such as these.  
Across the dreary wilderness, where sands  
Shifting before the wind efface the steps  
Of other men, the plund'rer's path is seen ;  
Bones bleaching in the sun, and sometimes more—  
A human skeleton, the fingers clasped  
On the bare skull, memorial of the pangs  
Intense of death, his cruelty attest.  
Unburied they remain, as if the earth  
Refus'd to hide them, lest the hideous crime  
Which crush'd the slave, might find concealment too.  
Oh ! bitter curse of Africa, whose spell  
Disrupts each social tie, while nations mourn  
The desolation that it leaves behind !

Scourge of the negro race, whose bloody stroke  
Sinks deep within the soul, the burning shame  
Of all whose hands are sullied with its gain—  
Debas'd indeed the man, in conscience sear'd  
With dark atrocities, to pity deaf  
As the hard rock to the complaining surge,  
Who, avaricious of the price of blood,  
Greedy of gold, his fellow-man ensnares,  
Prosper's as others grieve, their tears his wealth,  
Content that millions should lament and wail  
If he may be enrich'd—who can describe  
The groans, and pangs, and waste of human life,  
That mark the slave-trade's progress? Oh! how long  
Shall the free ocean on its buoyant tide  
Bear the deceitful slave-ship, as it steals  
To Cuba's shore? When shall the nations rise  
To wash the plague-spot from them? When disdain  
Participation in this awful crime?  
When imitate Britannia, as she freed  
The patient negro whose laborious hand  
From the rich soil of her Columbian isles  
Rais'd luscious harvests?—Kingdoms which profess  
The Christian faith, regardless of the pledge  
So oft renewed, perfidiously pursue  
This costly traffic; human flesh and blood  
The health, and life, and liberty of man,  
His birthright to be free, and live, and breathe

His native air, and for himself, and God,  
His pow'rs employ, as master of himself:  
All this, the prized commodity, that bought  
And sold brings wealth, the gainful merchant, man,  
Of man the merchant, of his brother's right—  
For where is right, if man can claim no pow'r  
O'er his own person, o'er his hands and feet  
To use them as he will, if so his will  
With God's intent accords, to Him alone  
Responsible?—yet this by man usurp'd,  
From God who gives, and him who by the grace  
Of that free-gift proprietor becomes,  
He dares for gold to barter in the light  
Of open day, nor dreads the wrath of Heav'n.  
Steel'd against pity, subtle to deceive  
The simple native; to the distant shores  
Of Africa he steers, and spreads his bait,  
Base cutlery, or beads, or the bright glass  
More faithful in the image it reflects,  
Than conscience of our crimes. The gilded toys,  
Worthless themselves, soon fascinate the soul  
Of Guinea's sable chief. In vain he brings  
His indigo, or rice, or dust of gold;  
The mart is one for slaves. The negro's tears  
Must furnish forth the sale, and nations weep,  
That ev'ry sigh and pang may int'rest bear,  
And vice be rich in piles of hoarded gold,

And anguish wrung from one, transmuted thus,  
Yield luxury to another. Vers'd in wiles  
And dark allurements, obdurate in crime,  
The trafficker in blood ignites the train  
Of guilty passions, and the work of death  
Perfidiously suggests. The Ghazzie\* swells,  
In force augmenting, and the livelong night  
Pursues it's toilsome way.

'Tis morning's hour,  
When the broad sun his ample disk has rear'd  
O'er the horizon, and his welcome rays  
Are rushing in a flood of glorious light  
O'er a rejoicing world, which seems to wake  
Refresh'd with slumber, and his advent hail.  
Creation, all its energies reviv'd,  
Arrays itself in gladness, and attunes  
Its matin hymn. All that has life, the birds  
Their brilliant plumes arranging for the day,  
And 'midst these needful labours uttering forth  
Exulting notes—the lowing herds that seek  
The pasturage they love, still bath'd in dews,  
All animated seem. Man rises too  
In pleasure, or in toil, his day to spend,  
On various plans intent, and ignorant  
What storms may change the aspect of his hour.

\* A marauding expedition in search of slaves.

So each successive day its chequer'd store  
Of new events distributes, joyous some,  
Some steep'd in tribulation—man exults,  
Then weeps—so spends his troubled time,  
Oft most exulting, with most cause to weep,  
While in his hours of grief perchance he sows  
Seeds of enduring bliss.

Below is seen,  
Reposing on the plain, the negro town.  
They dream not of misfortune, hapless race !  
Perhaps for years uninjur'd, they have grown  
Familiar with security, their days,  
Passing in tranquil course, resembling each  
Its predecessor. Through the placid air  
Climbs the dull smoke, and busy hands within  
Arrange the morn's repast ; rejoicing cries  
From happy groups of children, as they join  
In lively pastime, animates the scene :  
But now the tempest bursts—the gloomy clouds  
Surcharg'd with war their desolation pour  
On the defenceless town—the negro sees  
His peaceful hamlet rifled by an horde  
Implacable and fierce—in vain his wife  
And shrieking children supplicate his aid—  
In vain he grasps the spear—in vain essays  
To stem the torrent ; crush'd beneath the force  
Of numbers irresistible, he finds

All that he loves in bondage to the foe !  
Poor injur'd captive ! bitter is the cup  
Which he is doom'd to drink, no ray of hope  
Breaks through the shadows which obscure his path ;  
No messenger of peace, with pitying words,  
A brighter world portrays, mansions of bliss  
By sorrow undefil'd, from anguish free,  
Whose sanctuary attain'd, afflictions cease.  
The sinner's refuge, the relief of pray'r,  
The weary soul disburthen'd of its load,  
And 'neath the rock of ages gently laid  
To rest a while—assuagements such as these  
Are hidden from his eyes. No friendly hand  
Sheds the consoling influence of the truth  
O'er his distracted spirit : the sharp spear  
Goads him along ; exhausted with fatigue  
Prostrate he falls, and death's convulsive gasp  
The scene of suff'ring ends—else life preserv'd  
Is ling'ring wretchedness—the human herd  
Is forc'd with wanton cruelty along,  
Their sighs and groans unheeded ; sorrow wastes  
The youthful form ; oppression's iron hand  
Crushes the soul within, and the strong frame  
Bows broken with the spirit ; the eye has lost  
Its wonted energy, and man, depriv'd  
Of all that made life precious, loathes it now,  
And from its bondage struggles to be free.

Emaciated thus, a sickly band,  
Survivors of a tribe, approach the stream,  
Where, 'midst luxuriant foliage safely screen'd,  
The slave-ship waits expectant of her load,  
Within whose narrow hold, a noisome cell,  
Fetid and dark, scarce fitted to receive  
The bales of lawful commerce, but for man  
Incarcerated there, most dreaded doom,  
The living mass is forc'd, man chain'd to man,  
Struggling in vain despair, and crush'd, and bruis'd  
By each new effort : madden'd by the want  
Of air, and light, and water to relieve  
Their raging thirst, in groans and bitter cries  
They plead for mercy, and lament their fate.

As journeying onward through some desert tract  
Where barrenness prevails, and rocks and sand  
Seem endlessly prolong'd, the trav'ller finds  
An Eden at his feet—some pleasant spot  
Circled by lofty cliffs, whose guardian care  
Secludes it from the world—it smiles beneath  
In unexpected loveliness—the air  
Is fill'd with fragrance, the delicious breath  
Of flow'rs, and scented shrubs—thus Africa,  
A spiritual waste, where evil reigns  
In dread ascendancy o'er boundless realms,  
Oft 'midst its deserts an oasis hides,

An island in the solitary waste,  
Where vegetation more luxuriant seems,  
And, banish'd from the wilderness beyond,  
With rich profusion graces its retreat.

This bay how beautiful, its glitt'ring beach  
O'erhung with palms and forest trees, that dip  
Their branches in the wave, while southward rise,  
In gentle undulations from the shore,  
Masses of verdant hills, surpassing each  
In majesty his fellow, 'till they swell  
In lofty mountain heights, the darker hue  
Which distance gives, contrasting with the rich  
Luxuriant culture of the lower grounds.  
There Freetown lies, close by the cooling tide,  
A chosen site : the palm tree, and the lime,  
With buildings interspers'd, the glist'ning waves  
That murmur on the shore, the ships that rest,  
Sleeping at anchor, or with tumid sail,  
Tracing their wat'ry path—the eye receives  
And hails with joy the beauty of the scene.  
The liberated negro, here releas'd  
From the hard hearted trader's iron grasp,  
May find a home where slav'ry is unknown,  
Where he is free to breathe the healthful air,  
Enjoy the glorious sun, and gladly use  
The gifts of God's munificence. Redeem'd

From all restraints, save such as Heav'n enjoins,  
He finds a better freedom, to be free  
From ignorance and sin, to have the bonds  
Of an unholy nature from his soul  
Remov'd, and liberty of access gain  
To mercy's throne. Most honourable task,  
Redemption of the slave ! illustrious toil !  
To loose the galling fetters from the limbs  
Of the poor captive, and his wrongs redress—  
When on the guilty bark that vainly seeks  
To shun the seaman's glance—her snow-white sails  
Fill'd with propitious breezes, and her flag  
Floating on high, the British cruiser gains,  
All hands aloft—all eager for the chace—  
A prize—a slave-ship—from the tow'ring yards  
She flings a spread of canvass to the winds,  
And emulates their speed—the briny wave,  
Cut by her rapid keel, is white with foam,  
And from her deck are heard the hearty cheers  
Of Albion's sons. In vain the pirate tries  
His wonted stratagems, and longs for night  
To wrap him in its shades—the shotted gun  
With peremptory summons stays his flight—  
The hatches are unclos'd—from the dark hold  
Where, light and air excluded, death had long  
Prey'd on the stifling mass, the seaman's hand  
Raises each fainting victim, and the breeze,

Fresh from the healthful ocean, life restores.  
Yet there's a nobler privilege—to loose  
The bondage of the soul, and break away  
The fetters of its lusts—with earnest love  
To raise the sinner from the loathsome pit  
Of vicious habits, and pronounce him free—  
To minister for Christ, and aid his work,  
The liberation of a fallen race  
From sin's oppressive yoke—'tis Heav'n's high task,  
Worthy of man's best energies, and life  
On this bestow'd, is life expended well.

Land, on whose shores the slave no sooner plants  
His foot than he is free, whose atmosphere  
The bondsman cannot breathe, whose happy soil  
Has liberation in its very touch,  
Be thine the glorious privilege to teach  
Those whom thy lavish'd treasures have releas'd  
From earthly bondage, of superior gifts,  
Of a more costly ransom—guide their thoughts  
To One who has redeem'd them, not with gold  
Or perishable dust ; a higher price  
Was requisite to emancipate the soul ;  
Tell thine adopted children of his love,  
Who in affliction bought us with his blood,  
And died that we may live, and gave his life  
A substitute for ours—complete the task

So happily commenc'd ; and when thine hand  
Removes each chain, these objects of thy care  
Abandon not, with blessings to pervert,  
Whose worth they know not, ignorant to improve,  
As freemen ought, the privilege bestow'd ;  
Without a principle to guide their path  
'Midst an ensnaring world, devoid of strength  
To curb their nature, or its lusts control,  
Lest, freed from man's dominion, they remain  
In bondage to themselves, and live the prey  
Of more dishonourable servitude.

Freedom is good, if while the limbs are free  
The soul enjoys true freedom ; if redeem'd  
From sin's vile yoke, and the degrading bonds  
Of ruinous propensities, it aims  
At noblest ends, and, sanctified by grace,  
Moves as possessing liberty of good—  
Lives as for God, each energy directs  
Obedient to his will, and yields the frame  
In grateful service to its rightful Lord.  
The liberated Christian, he who wears  
The yoke of Christ, is free ; all else are slaves,  
Their captive state more hopeless, as of choice,  
The slav'ry of the will. The man who scorns  
All other bonds, these fetters of the mind  
Contentedly endures ; the specious name

Of liberty he honours, deems it vile  
To bend submissive to a tyrant's laws,  
Proclaims it better on th' embattled field  
To die a freeman than survive a slave ;  
Yet in the deep recesses of his soul,  
Feeble in purpose, impotent to break  
The spell of guilty pleasure, meanly bows  
In degradation to his tyrant sin.

And thou, first effort from our English homes  
To plant our English blessings on these shores,  
Freedom, and social order, and the peace  
Which each returning sabbath loves to yield,  
To win the untutor'd negro from the spell  
Of senseless superstitions, shadowing forth  
Mysterious ills, and portents that affright,  
In pray'r commenced, be perfected in praise.  
Let christian perseverance crown the task  
By faith begun. 'Twere ominous indeed  
For England's welfare to desert thee now.  
Tis sacred ground ; th' imperishable names  
Of self-denying men, in patient toil  
The parching influence of this torrid clime  
Enduring, 'till decay their days curtail'd,  
And brought them to their grave, are written here,  
Their recollections blending with the claims  
Of Afric's infant churches, and the voice

Of many a faithful martyr to the cause,  
Ascends from sculptur'd stone, and humbler grave  
Beneath the palm-tree's shade, or the deep sea  
Beneath whose waste of waters rest the bones  
Of Johnson and of During\*—they would plead  
The negro's cause—their name, their suff'ring life  
Blighted before its prime, their hopes and fears,  
The seed they scatter'd and the pray'rs they breath'd,  
Rebuke the selfishness of such as doubt  
If souls are worth expenditure of life,  
Souls for whom Jesus died. No hazard daunts  
Adenturous man, when objects that he deems  
Worthy his aspiration prompt the risk.  
Through the wide sea, 'midst storm and rushing  
wave,  
He steers his fragile bark, intent on gain,  
Amidst the battle's roar, the deaf ning crash  
Of mass on mass, in deadly strife impell'd,  
Seeks reputation, or in deep research,  
Through midnight hours prolong'd, consumes the oil  
Of precious life, those healthful energies,

\* Two amongst the many of our devoted Sierra Leone missionaries, who rest from their labours, and whose names are written on high. Johnson died at sea, in May 1822. During, with his wife, sailed from Sierra Leone in August, 1823, and were never heard of more. Their labours at Sierra Leone are well worth perusal.

Which lost so few regain. Thus man pursues  
His perishable prize, some poor reward,  
Which, like the schoolboy's bubble, breaks when  
touch'd.

But here are nobler objects, glorious toils  
Worthy of God himself, of him who stoop'd  
From heav'n's high throne, on labours such as these  
His human life to spend. He points the way,  
The path where lasting honour may be won,  
And deeds consummated whose high results  
Shall live immortalized, when all that man  
With admiration views, his pride, and pow'r,  
Have pass'd away, when the huge earth itself  
Shall sink in flames, the firmament above  
Melt and dissolve, and all material things,  
Refashion'd by Omnipotence, assume  
Another form—amidst this wreck and change,  
The spirits of the just, like glorious stars,  
Transcendently shall shine,—high privilege  
To labour for eternity, by pray'r  
Or faithful words, as instruments to serve  
In efforts thus magnificently grand.  
Immortal and imperishable things ;  
Of high attainments capable, rich gems  
Tho' cover'd with pollution, yet when cleans'd  
From evil incrustations, meet to form

A diadem of glory,—these to save  
From evil, and unutterable woe,  
And all that's doom'd, as reprobate and vile,  
To perish and decay ; can earth unfold  
Objects sublime as these ? man's loftiest aims,  
The master mind that regulates the tide  
Of national affairs, and wisely seeks  
Their rapid fluctuations to repress,  
The warrior's skill, the eloquence that glows,  
All that from earth-born impulses deriv'd  
Sink back on earth, nor sprung from nobler views,  
Soar upward, their identity to claim  
With things invisible, are trac'd in dust,  
And in the records of a better world  
Shall find no place ; while undistinguish'd names,  
And deeds by men despis'd, shall brighten there !  
To toil for God, to suffer in his cause,  
True dignity ensures, and one stray soul,  
Rescu'd from sin, from utter loss redeem'd,  
Is recompense indeed for transient hours  
Of light affliction here.

'Tis true the Lord  
On these far shores, the patience of his church  
Tries by repeated exercise, his face  
'Oft hidden in the gloom of dark events  
Mysteriously ordained, his hand withhold's

The blessings we would crave ; remorseless death  
Thins the devoted band, removing oft  
From op'ning fields of usefulness, the man  
Whose presence seem'd most needful—when the  
work

Brighten'd with promise, and attentive crowds  
Hung on his glowing words, and sinners touch'd  
With sorrow for the past, desir'd to know  
Where they might healing find, and Christians hop'd  
That Africa would soon her hands extend  
In supplication, his mysterious will  
Whose ways are in the sea, whose paths are hid  
In deepest waters, to the courts above  
His servant call'd, and left the weeping flock  
Without a shepherd. Shall the church relax  
In hopelessness her task ? has mercy fail'd,  
Or is his promise gone ? has God shut up  
His tenderness in anger ? nay, let faith,  
Amidst these seeming hindrances, behold  
A blessing in reserve, one by delay  
In costliness increasing, like the cloud  
Which rose in answer to the prophet's pray'r,  
Small as the hand, at first, and scarcely seen  
In the blue firmament, but filling soon  
Th' expanse of heav'n, and its refreshing floods  
Expending on the thirsty plain beneath ;  
And God withdraws himself, that we may seek

His face in prayer, like Jacob, when of old  
He strove in earnest conflict and prevail'd.  
'Tis faith on eagle's wings to seek the skies,  
To rise o'er earthly obstacles, and hope  
When all seems hopeless, when the prospect frowns  
With dark discouragement, and sudden gloom  
O'ercasts the scene, unterrified to hold  
Its purpose firm, and patiently await  
Till clouds disperse, and all is bright again.  
As Noah when the faithful dove return'd,  
Bearing the olive leaf, most welcome sign  
Of a subsiding deluge, from the ark  
Descending, view'd the renovated world  
And found himself its heir, so faith outlives  
The cloudy day, and when the painful time  
Of discipline is pass'd, receives the prize.  
'Twill yet productive prove, this chosen spot,  
Object of cherish'd hopes, where precious truth  
Has long been sown, and show'rs of plenteous tears,  
Nay life itself, expended on its growth—  
And as the treasur'd corn, the fruitful seed  
Of future crops, without increase remains,  
Its germinating energy conceal'd,  
Till lost amidst the soil interr'd it dies,  
Thus, life less valued than the Saviour's cause  
And man's salvation in its death becomes  
Productive most—the buried saints which lie.

On these far shores, in bright example live ;  
Their toils survive : their deathless mem'ry yields  
New motives to exertion ; on the hills  
Which once they travers'd, midst these mountain vales  
And village churches were their voice proclaim'd  
Glad tidings of salvation, harvests rich  
In righteousness and truth, of golden hue,  
Shall amply wave—fill'd with the bread of life  
For famish'd multitudes, the distant home  
Of the poor exil'd African, shall prove,  
Like Joseph's well-fill'd granaries, a store  
Of blessing to the needy, and the stream  
Of life and health, that with predicted pow'r  
Shall fertilize these wilds, its source derive  
From this long-cherish'd colony, the home  
And refuge of the liberated slave.  
From these poor huts, a rivulet of life  
Shall yet well forth, the wilderness to cheer,  
And bearing on its bank's umbrageous trees,  
Charg'd with delicious fruit, and leaves design'd  
The African to heal.

Collected here,  
Fragments of various tribes, combine to form  
A varied population, friends and foes  
In brotherhood conjoin'd. Afflictions serve,  
Like the hot crucible where metals fuse,  
To melt discordant particles, till strife

And bitter animosities forgotten,  
The mass is cast anew. Far distant here  
The mountain tracts and valleys where he led  
Alternately his flocks, the Foulah finds\*  
A substitute for home and kinsfolk lost,  
And dwells securely. From the Gambia's banks,  
Where fetish rites prevail, the Yaloof comes,  
Of negro origin, with jet black skin,

\* The Foulahs, in form and features, are distinct from the Negro tribes. Their complexion is more of an olive, their hair long and silky, they have thin faces, with small high features and an agreeable expression.

The Yaloofs or Onaloffi occupy the greatest part of the country between the lower parts of the Senegal and Gambia. They are considered the handsomest negroes in this part of Africa. The Mandingoos are the most numerous race of Negroes in these regions, and are spread along the banks of the Niger, the Senegal and Gambia. They are active in proselyting to Mohammedanism, the Timmanees, who formerly lived at a distance from the sea coast, but being of a warlike and active disposition, they forced themselves down the river of Sierra Leone, among the Bulloms. A mission has just been established amongst them by the Church Missionary Society. The Bulloms live on the north side of the Sierra Leone river. The Bassas live about 400 miles below Sierra Leone, at the southern extremity of Liberia: there are American missionaries labouring amongst this tribe. The Greeboos in the same direction: American missionaries who had been amongst the Zoolahs are at work there.

And hair short curling. The Mandingo race,  
The Soosoo from the Rio Ponga's stream,  
The Timmanee proverbially deprav'd,  
Within whose woods a dread fraternity,  
The gloomy Purrah, hides its mystic rites,  
The Bullom wand'ring from his native shore  
In voluntary exile, doom'd to drink  
The calabash of poison, or confess  
A crime he never knew. Kroomen of quick  
And enterprising tempers ; and more south  
From Guinea's coast, th' Ashantee's warlike race,  
With scenes of blood familiar, when the wretch  
Doom'd by a cruel despot's harsh decree  
To ling'ring tortures, from his mangled frame  
Pours forth the crimson tide, and monarchs shed  
Libations, from the veins of men express'd,  
On their ancestral graves : there barb'rous pomp,  
In gold and silver lavishly profuse,  
Displays its rude magnificence, and bursts  
Of martial music mingling with the shouts  
Of frenzied multitudes, the bitter cries  
Of human suff'ring drown. Thus broken off  
By rude oppression's force, a mingled race,  
From Yarriba and Kissi, and the banks  
Of the wide Quorra or the Tchadda's stream,  
Bambouk where gold abounds the priz'd Peru  
Of western Africa, and Bondou's realm,

Akus, and Bassas, and the Greboo tribe,  
Outcasts from home, they find protection here,  
Till twice redeem'd, impatient to declare  
Salvation's hope, by Christian zeal constrain'd,  
That only lives while suffer'd in the heart  
To find expansion, of their former friends  
Considerate, they trace their pathway home,  
Eastward or south or north as love directs.\*  
O'er the Nigritian continent dispers'd,  
Skill'd in its thousand tongues, inur'd to climes,

\* The Rev. F. Bultman, church missionary at Kent in Sierra Leone, in his report for the quarter ending Dec. 1840, writes—  
“ Not a few of the people are sincere inquirers after truth, and there are others of established christian character, who I can confidently affirm have imbibed the spirit, and exercise the principles, of the Gospel. Some few, with unquestionable sincerity, have expressed their ardent desire to proclaim the wonders of a Saviour's love to their benighted countrymen. Indeed, one of the communicants declared to me last night, that next to seeing and speaking to his own parents, who most probably were not alive, his principal motive for wishing to go back to his country, was to see the man who first tied the chain about his neck and sold him as a slave, and to tell him that he had not only no malice whatever in his heart against him, but that for the infinite good which he had by that cruel act unwittingly entailed upon him, he had come to return him his warmest thanks, and would do all in his power to make him enjoy those blessings which had been, through God's mercy, conferred upon himself.

Where the white strangers bloom, like flow'rs expos'd  
To the hot furnace, droops and with'ring dies,  
These messengers of peace shall access find  
To distant lands in pagan darkness veil'd,  
Mysterious wilds, an amplitude of space,  
Nameless, unknown, unvisited as yet,  
By European enterprize, a depth  
Impervious to the glance of curious man,  
Though oft imagination wings its flight,  
And hovers o'er the scene, and vainly tries  
To pierce the gloom, and catch some transient  
glimpse  
Of hidden life below.

Man's purposes

Are oft defeated, disappointments come  
Subversive of our plans, like show'rs of hail,  
Unseasonable, when th' unfolding year,  
Emerging from the winter's sullen reign,  
Arrays itself in verdure, and the fields  
Are rich with promise. On the furious blast  
Volumes of clouds advancing, frown afar  
With threat'ning aspect, and the heav'n's obscure.  
The sunny hour is gone, one fearful crash  
Rends the dark mass, and on the plains beneath,  
Sad devastation pours, and ruin'd crops,

Vines of their leaves denuded, the embryo germ  
Of future harvests utterly destroy'd,  
Its blighting progress mark.

On the broad tide

Of the majestic Thames, the ships repose,  
Their destination "Africa." The pulse  
Of popular excitement rises high,  
And multitudes admire, and princes add  
Their tribute of applause. No enterprise  
More worthy of exertion e'er engaged  
A nation's noblest energies, and prayers  
And earnest aspirations for success  
Ascend to heav'n, as from their anchors freed,  
Obedient to the impulsive force within,  
They ply the circling wheels, and onward move.  
From the man'd yards the farewell cheer is heard,  
From many a lip breath'd forth that now is seal'd  
In the still sleep of death, and gen'rous thoughts  
Of benefits bestow'd on suff'ring man,  
And soothing hopes of country and of friends  
Regain'd, are mingled with the deep regrets  
That separation brings. For who can part  
From England's coast and all that lingers there,  
Without at least a momentary shade  
Of sadness on the mind, a passing thought  
That dims the eye, and makes more indistinct

The fading outline of her well known shores,  
While recollection, with mysterious pow'r,  
Recalls the traces of our earlier days,  
Kindred and home, our sorrows and our joys,  
Nor feel uncertain if the past shall live  
Renew'd in the bright future, when the sounds  
Of welcome from assembled friends shall greet  
The wanderer restor'd? All that we love,  
In separation more endearing seems,  
More worthy to be lov'd. 'Tis then the mind  
With fond remembrance lingers on the past,  
And thinks it o'er again, and sheds a hue  
Of sorrowful affection o'er the dream.  
The little inequalities of life,  
That make uneven our most tranquil hour,  
Are all forgotten in the soft'ning touch  
That distance seems to give. But thoughts like  
these  
Unman the soul, and present duties urge.  
The past is gone, the future is with God.  
‘Unfurl the sail, and let the fresh'ning breeze  
Its willing aid impart to waft us on.  
For Africa we steer, where groans the slave,  
And human victims mourn; we haste to bring  
Alleviations to this land of woe.  
Our gallant barks are light, our hearts resolv'd,  
Our hopes, our confidence on high. We aim

At no encroachment on the natives right.]  
No sordid lust of acquisition lurks  
Conceal'd beneath the plausible pretence  
Of love to man. The conquests we would win  
Are conquests o'er his miseries. Our arms,  
Persuasion, loving kindness, faithful words  
Of righteousness and truth. Each inland stream  
Shall yield us access to the Negro's home.  
The mystic Niger, from the curious eyes  
Of enterprising trav'lers long conceal'd,  
Waits to receive us, where in Guinea's gulph  
It mingles with the ocean, on its tide,  
Prepar'd to raise us to the gloomy haunts  
From whence the slave-trade springs. Then brace  
each nerve  
With firm resolve, and let the consciousness  
That rectitude of purpose ever brings,  
Invigorate our hopes. "England expects  
Each man to do his duty;"—onward then,  
That duty is before us, and beyond  
A bright reward is seen, the recompense  
Of an approving conscience—or if death  
Awaits us on these shores, and all our hopes  
Are doom'd to disappointment—better far  
In honourable usefulness to die,  
Than linger on unprofitable years

Of indolence at home.'

Thus ev'ry heart  
Was fill'd with expectation, eager hope,  
Temper'd with wise remembrance, that our plans  
Are subject to reverse tho' well arrang'd.  
Soon other climes receive them. From above  
With overpow'ring lustre glows the sun,  
The languid breeze no cooling influence yields,  
And lassitude ensues. Along these banks  
And marshy beds where vegetation grows  
In tropical luxuriance, those dark creeks,  
With matted boughs o'erhung, in jungles lost,  
Those stagnant pools by inundations left,  
There lurks the dread malaria, brooding o'er  
The surface of the waters, charg'd with death.  
A pestilential vapour taints the air,  
An evil imperceptible to sense,  
Yet suddenly imbib'd. With sullen weight  
It presses on the principle of life,  
In vain the vital flame essays to burn,  
A subtle poison chills it, and it dies.

Why rest those ships so idly on the tide ?  
Or else with feeble effort scarce prevail  
Their progress to pursue ? No storms impede—  
The glassy surface of th' extended stream,  
Smooth'd like a mirror, woos them to the task.

Nigritia's chieftains welcome their approach,  
Their friendship prize, and with persuasive words  
Entreat their Christian countrymen to stay  
And teach them all they know. The land appears  
Op'ning before them—distant tribes have heard  
The tidings of their advent, and await  
The stranger barks impatiently. Why seem  
Those gallant ships so still? No busy hands  
Arrange the pendant rigging. No loud voice  
Of vigilant authority awakes  
The sailors' willing aid. The weary wheels  
With vacillating movement scarcely stem  
The influence of the waters, as they seek  
Their kindred ocean—all so silent seems,  
So strangely, so mysteriously inert.  
Thus sink the noblest energies of man,  
By mortal sickness paralys'd, his thoughts  
And high intents exchang'd for fev'rish dreams  
And hours of sad delirium. On that bed  
Of suff'ring and disease, in all the prime  
Of promise and intelligence and life,  
Crush'd by the fell malaria's giant pow'r,  
The father lies, whose name is daily breath'd  
By infant lips at home, the husband too  
With tears relinquish'd, and in absence still  
Most faithfully remember'd; the lov'd son  
A mother's consolation, there he waits,

His eyes averted from the painful light,  
Till God adjusts the balance, and decides  
His restoration or lamented death.

Rest there, intrepid men, repose awhile  
On those far shores, not unlamented here.  
A gen'rous nation never will withhold  
The tribute of its sympathy, nor leave  
Widows and helpless orphans to lament  
In poverty their loss, the sudden fall  
Of ev'ry earthly hope. We too shall die,  
Fade like the leaf, and generations pass  
Swept by the wind away, his death most blest  
Who lives as not his own, and bears his cross  
In patient resignation—sleep awhile,  
Another morn shall come, when death subdued,  
Its conquests shall surrender, and the grave  
And ocean's dark abyss resign their spoils.

Thus God instruction yields, the lesson oft  
By sad yet needful discipline enforc'd.  
We claim to be monopolists of good,  
And think that English energies suffice  
For ev'ry task ; but God reproves the hope,  
And bids us, as essential to success,  
Employ the aid that other men can give.  
Co-operation willingly received

From all of ev'ry cast, from all who claim  
The Saviour as their Lord—'tis this we need,  
Convinc'd that God meet instruments can find  
In ev'ry tribe, and mould them to fulfil  
His purposes of love, our prejudice  
Contemptible to him whose eyes regard  
The spirit of the man and not his hue.  
From the rude mass omnipotence can form  
The polish'd shaft, that wing'd with holy zeal,  
True to its aim when by his hand discharg'd,  
With penetrative light pursues its course.  
The spark of high intelligence within  
That seem'd extinct, so brutaliz'd the man,  
Rekindling at the touch of heav'nly light  
Wakes from its torpid state, and beaming forth  
Its dormant pow'r displays. The Indian pleads,  
With glowing imag'ry, his Master's cause,  
And negroes, whose affinity with man  
Philosophers have doubted, prove their claims  
As heirs of immortality, by deeds  
Of high devotedness, that would not shame  
An European brow. Thus God prepares  
A native agency, that when the toil  
Too burdensome becomes, with welcome aid  
The fainting European may sustain,  
And execute the plans which he conceives.  
Success shall crown such efforts, sickness fail

Their progress to delay. The gallant ship  
Mann'd by a native crew, her circling wheels  
Conflicting with the tide, shall mount the streams  
Where England's sons, their energies subdued,  
In quick succession fell, till scarcely one  
Remain'd to guide the vessel in its flight  
From the dread pestilence. The tribes which raise  
Their mud-built towns along these wooded banks,  
From native lips shall glorious tidings hear  
In well-known accents cloth'd, and wond'ring raise  
Their eyes to heav'n, and gratefully adore,  
As mercy's message like refreshing rain  
Falls on the willing ear, and glads the heart.  
Then shall the slave-trade perish, by its roots  
Uptorn and prostrate laid, and nations hail  
Its extirpation, and rejoice to see  
The giant evil levell'd in the dust.  
Then shall our toils be crown'd with glorious fruits,  
And hours of gladness come, predicted long,  
And all those hopes be realized, that fill'd  
The soul of honour'd Wilberforce, when girt  
With courage for the task, he rose to plead  
The friendless negro's disregarded cause,  
And all his wrongs indignantly proclaim'd.  
The fabric he commenc'd, his master hand  
Laid the foundation stone, he laid it sure  
Bas'd on the rock, and ev'ry day beholds

Its progress to perfection. On its front  
The conquests won o'er prejudice and pride,  
And organized injustice, and the love  
Of treasur'd gold, are legibly inscrib'd ;  
And names of honour'd men are written there,  
Clarkson and Granville Sharp, and more besides,  
A noble band, who deem'd it no disgrace  
To sympathize with Africa, and yield  
Assistance to her children in distress.

Nor is it only 'midst these western tribes,  
The Gospel vindicates its pow'r to save—  
To change the savage, and his life reclaim  
From evil habits. On the southern shore,  
Where its majestic promontory tow'rs  
O'er the tempestuous waves, which chafe and fret,  
And fling their angry surge in deaf'ning roar  
On the resisting rocks, and then dispers'd  
In show'rs of spray, sink back amidst a mass  
Of foaming waters, and the strife renew,  
Nations and wand'ring clans, \*the Fingoo race,  
The Hottentot and Caffre, from the stream  
Of living waters, satisfy their thirst.  
Reiterated wrongs, from men receiv'd

\* The Fingoos—a people emancipated from amongst the Caffres, at the termination of the late Caffre war. Many of them have received the gospel.

Who bore the name of Christian, but whose lives  
Misrepresented Christ—whose feet were swift  
To deeds of savage vengeance, indispos'd  
The heathen to communion with a race  
So full of inhumanity. They shunn'd  
The stranger as their foe, they deem'd his heart  
To pity inaccessible, and fled  
His presence, as they fly some loathsome thing,  
And dangerous withal. That kindly words  
Could grace the white man's lips, of this they seem'd  
Incredulous indeed, and thought the sand  
Of the parch'd desert might as quickly yield  
The rich aroma of the shelter'd vale  
Where rivulets abound. Not wondrous this  
Where force had been a law, and pow'r usurp'd  
The rights of others, and the lust of gain  
Excus'd each wrong, and harsh intruders play'd  
The tyrant's part amongst these helpless tribes,  
Despoil'd them of their herds, and still intent  
On wider acquisition, drove them back  
By sword and rifle from their native fields,  
Till, exiled from their homes, bereav'd of all  
They deem'd most precious, they were left to tread  
The lonely plains of arid clay which stretch  
Behind the Swartzberg range. Then stung by sense  
Of injuries receiv'd, by wrongs provok'd,  
The once enduring African became

A lawless plund'rer ; startled from his mild  
And inoffensive nature, he assum'd  
Ferocious habits, practis'd, where he dar'd,  
Retaliations, and his hands defil'd  
With many a victim. Darker shades of crime  
His character obscur'd, and vengeance wing'd  
His assegay, as with unerring aim  
He smote th' unwary colonist. The fire,  
Long smould'ring in his breast, glares wildly forth.  
The deadly strife begins—in dusky hordes  
They pass the frontier line, the wasteful flame  
Betokens their approach ; the settlers fly ;  
Their quiet homes, their cultivated farms  
And growing crops, the promise of the year,  
All prostrate laid ; as when a sound is heard  
Like billows on the shore, and locusts come  
Innumerable hosts, the gloomy mass  
Dark'ning the heavens, and the trembling earth  
Spoiling of verdure—hark ! the trumpet sounds  
The wild alarm is spread, the smoke ascends  
Of burning villages, and fearful tales  
Of many a murder'd colonist arrive.  
With undiscriminating vengeance fir'd,  
The blameless and the guilty fall alike  
Before the Caffre's spear, and widows weep  
And orphans mourn the carnage they survive.  
When shall contention cease, and wars that come

Like some bewild'ring tempest, as it sweeps  
In furious gusts along, be hush'd to rest ?  
When shall the native owner of the soil,  
The wild Australian, or the wand'ring tribes  
Of the Red Indians, or New Zealand's race,  
Remain uninjur'd, and no longer shun  
The white man's advent, as the dreaded sign  
Of future extirpation—when derive  
Blessings, as from a benefactor's hand,  
Nor perish, as if blighted by his touch ?  
A native population once possess'd  
This irrigated tract, these streams and banks ;  
Their cattle pastur'd here, and joyous bands  
Of children issued forth ?—now all is chang'd,  
Exterminated, gone—they meet no more  
The stranger's eye—the verdant branch is lopp'd,  
The white man has not spar'd, the very stock  
Uprooted from the soil. Shall tribe by tribe,  
Each pristine race progressively decay,  
Wasted by war, and vices, and disease  
By heartless Europeans introduc'd,  
Their very name forgotten, where they roam'd  
Proprietors of all ; their graves and bones,  
As crush'd beneath the white man's lordly step  
They crumble into dust, sole evidence  
That they had ever been ? Shall Britain rear  
A fabric of dominion, gorgeous, vast,

Yet founded on injustice, bas'd on wrongs,  
And human sorrow, and a waste of life,  
And nations, as they touch th' expanding bounds  
Of her superior influence, disappear,  
Like some doom'd vessel in the dread embrace  
Of the gigantic maelstrom, as it roars  
On Norway's coast, when struggling to be free,  
Yet spell-bound, powerless, hoplessly ensnar'd  
Midst rushing tides, and currents that increase  
In strength and rapid suction, as they near  
The central vortex, charg'd with precious life,  
It onward bears, in the vast gulf absorb'd,  
And crush'd, and broken, on the rocks beneath ?  
Or like the mountain torrent, which had roll'd  
In overwhelming floods, from lake and glen,  
Swell'd by the mountain snows ; but shrivell'd now,  
Its force exhausted, by the fervid heat  
Of summer suns absorb'd, amidst the stones  
Of the sunk channel, it conceals its course.  
Shall nations that had once in floods of life  
Pour'd o'er their native lands, and hill and plain  
With stirring thousands fill'd, diminish thus,  
Wasted and parch'd, when European pow'r  
Becomes ascendant on their native shore,  
Till an enfeebled remnant, scarcely seen  
Amidst the increasing multitudes that come  
To colonize the soil, drags tamely on

Its miserable life, degraded, poor,  
And hastening to extinction. Welcome dawn  
Of a new era, when impartial laws  
Shall shield the native's right, and guard his home  
From violation—when the Hottentot,  
The Griqua, and the Caffre, shall enjoy  
The fost'ring care of Britain, and improve  
'Neath her protecting shade, and have their names  
Enroll'd among her sons, and look to her  
As to their common parent, when the word  
Of gospel truth, unfetter'd in its course,  
Shall yield rich blessings to a needy world.  
The Zooloh race, wean'd from the love of war,  
Exchange their burnish'd collars for the yoke  
Of the meek Jesus, prize his grace and truth  
As more enduring ornaments—renounce  
The sword and spear, and cast their shields away ;  
The Mantatees, the Bechuana tribe,  
Corannas, and Bojesmans, all the shades  
Of sable man, that o'er the vast extent  
Of undiscover'd regions densely spread,  
A restless ocean, where in constant change,  
A shuman passions rise, attract, repel,  
They ebb and flow, submissive to His word  
Who stills contending elements, and calms  
The tempest at its height, shall sink to rest,  
The rush of angry waves, the furious swell

Of endless tumults hush'd, till in the smooth  
And placid mirror, universal peace  
Reflected shines.

The records of the past

Are pungent with reproach. The day has been  
When the degraded Hottentot was class'd  
As an inferior race, design'd to serve,  
And be the white man's slave. Despis'd and scorn'd,  
And deem'd as worthless, in the sight of God,  
As in his master's eye, none stoop'd to teach.  
To serve was his, and ignominious blows,  
And ignorance, the wages he receiv'd.  
His soul—none seem'd to think an abject slave  
Was worthy of a soul, but like the brutes  
To die, and be extinct, his likely doom.  
With man's injurious tendency to learn  
All that is evil, while the better traits  
Are indistinctly seen, he soon imbib'd  
The vices of the strangers, and their crimes  
And evil habits grafted on his own,  
Till, brutaliz'd and sunk, his mournful case  
Seem'd one of hopeless wretchedness, and men  
Who saw in his deteriorated state  
Their own reproach, condemn'd him for the same,  
And call'd him outcast, dog; and he had died  
Without commiseration, and the sword  
And vengeful rifle mark'd him as their prey,

And future ages heard of him as one  
Of kindness unsusceptible, and best  
As noxious to destroy ; but God vouchsaf'd  
A remnant to preserve, and friends arose  
To feel his bitter wrongs, and plead his cause,  
And missionaries came to test the pow'r  
Of gospel truth, and try what love could do.

He was alone, who first essay'd to teach  
The poor despair'd-of Hottentot, consign'd  
To suff'ring and neglect. No friend was near  
To help him in the task, and share the heat  
And burden of the day. In Bavian's kloof  
He rear'd his humble cottage, and enclos'd  
His garden, and in patient hope commenc'd  
To teach the wond'ring natives, who soon came,  
Clad in the vile kaross, to see a man,  
A white man too, who call'd himself their friend.  
God bless'd his simple labours, they were done  
In earnestness of spirit, and the pow'r  
Of heav'nly influence rested on his word ;  
And tears of sorrow trickl'd down the cheeks  
Of these poor wand'ring outcasts, as they heard  
Of one who sorrow'd in his love for man,  
Oppress'd like them, rejected and despis'd.  
The human heart, that hardens to the stroke  
Of rough oppression, and will sooner break

Than tamely bend, melts to the touch of love,  
The voice of mercy penetrates the ear ;  
The sympathy of Him who felt the woes  
Of others so intensely, that he took  
Their sorrows on himself, attracts and wins  
The sinner, and his stony heart subdues.  
The faithful man was cheer'd—the seed he cast  
Was quick'ning in the heart, and many came,  
Burden'd with sad convictions, to demand  
Where rest was to be found : he saw the fields  
Whit'ning with promise, and he long'd for some  
To gather in the harvest. From his flock  
He parted with regret,\* he hop'd the time  
Of absence would be short, and many a tear  
Was shed, when they were left like helpless sheep  
'Midst the vast wilderness, none near save God ;  
And patiently they watch'd, and long'd to see  
His face once more, and to their promise true,  
With each returning sabbath, met to sing

\* Geo. Schmidt, the first chrstian teacher to the Hottentot tribe, commenced his labours in the year 1736, and after some time, being induced to return to Europe, in the hope of obtaining assistance in his important work, was harshly detained by the Dutch authorities, and refused permission to return. On the resumption of the mission in 1792, the pear tree which he had planted, owing to its vast size, served the brethren for a school and church.

And pray ; and tedious months and years elaps'd,  
And sadness came, but he for whom they long'd  
Came not—yet strong desire surviv'd their hope,  
And kept them waiting still. As 'midst the frost,  
And dreary winter of the chilling north,  
Man waits with fond anxiety to catch  
The first faint blush of the returning sun,  
Thus wearied of the night, they long'd for day.  
And time pass'd on, a lengthened interval ;  
The little flock was scatter'd—some had died,  
And others, none to guide them, stray'd away.  
A few remain'd, who, mindful of the past,  
Cherish'd the dying embers, and preserv'd  
Some life within, and labour'd to recal  
Traces of those sweet words, that us'd to sound  
So full of consolation, but which time,  
That wears the stone, and from the marble slab  
The deep inscription blots, was stealing fast  
From mem'ry's tablet. Though the jealous hand  
Of harsh authority had interpos'd,  
And stay'd him from those lone ones, yet they liv'd  
Undying in his heart ; and fervent prayers,  
Pray'r's from a bended knee, and anguish'd soul,  
Unwearied pray'r's, that fail'd not, rose on high—  
They rose to God, to Him who caus'd the rocks  
To gush with streams, and dews of manna shed  
His chosen to sustain—his aid he sought.

As when the Shunammite's dead son was laid  
A lifeless burden on the prophet's bed,  
A beauteous flower in op'ning youth cut down,  
E'er time bestow'd maturity—he came,  
The man of God ; his inmost soul was griev'd.  
The Lord had done it ; and alone with him  
Who kills and makes alive, he utter'd forth  
His strong desires, and on the pallid corpse  
Extended, from the frozen heart essay'd  
To melt away the chilliness of death,  
Till life, in genial currents through the veins  
Resumed its course, and to the clay-cold limbs  
The glow of health restor'd. Thus God reviv'd  
This long-suspended mission. Years had pass'd,  
Some fifty, and the hopes once kindled there  
Seemed utterly extinguish'd, but his breath  
Resuscitated life, his hand led forth  
New lab'lers to his work, and to the spot  
Where the Moravian teacher cast his seed,  
Their steps directed ; the lone hut which once  
Had been his home, in ruins might be trac'd,  
His garden, and the tree, a stripling once  
When planted by his care, its ample boughs  
Spread largely forth, 'neath whose refreshing shade  
The sable flock assembled. One there was,  
Bow'd with protracted years, who still retain'd  
Remembrance of the truths so dearly prized,

Ling'ring, midst much decrepitude on earth,  
As if her soul, unwilling to depart,  
Waited to be refresh'd ; and as she brought  
With trembling haste the book, which once receiv'd,  
A parting token from her teacher's hand,  
Wrapp'd in protecting skins, with sacred care  
Had day by day been treasur'd, she appear'd  
A relic of the past, just spar'd to show  
That God had blessed his word, and still would deign  
New blessings to confer ; and Bavian's kloof  
Is now the " vale of grace." A seedling plant  
When first set there, yet nourished from on high,  
This humble effort of a faithful man  
Grows to a giant tree, the parent stem  
Of many a kindred mission ; 'neath its shade  
The Hottentot reposes ; there he finds  
A resting place, and of its wholesome fruit  
Abundantly partakes. Array'd no more  
In the disgusting sheep-skin, he appears  
Christian in temper, and in mind a man,  
Cleans'd from the accumulated rust which years  
Of long neglect entail'd ; his intellect  
Susceptible of polish, yet shall vie  
In point and temper with the boasted skill  
And finished hue of European minds.  
The stranger wand'ring through these southern wilds  
Is gladdened if he nears the mission homes

Of Bethelsdorp or Gnadenthal.\* The pow'r  
Of the Redeemer's cross is there display'd.  
In civilized communities dispos'd,  
The once neglected native may be seen  
Industrious and patient of those ills  
Which mark our pathway here. He lives by faith,  
And seeks a better country in the skies.  
Thankful for all the blessings God has giv'n,  
In unpretending holiness of life  
He serves his generation, and awaits  
The long-expected moment, when the Lord  
Shall call his servant home. Beneath the shade,  
By man unnotic'd, all its graces hid  
From observation, many a modest flow'r  
Reserves its sweetness for the eye of God ;  
Blooming for him alone, its hiding place  
A lowly temper, shrinking from the gaze  
Of human admiration, sensitive  
Lest some incautious hand might brush away  
Its richest ornament, the singleness  
Of a devoted spirit, for the breath  
Of human praise is hurtful, and the soul  
Most gracious when reserv'd for God himself.

Thus God confounds our pride, employing oft  
Things feeble in themselves, despis'd by man,

\* "Gradenthal" implies "Vale of Grace."

High purposes to serve ; from causes small  
Sublime effects producing ; thus the spring  
Oozing from rock or marsh, originates  
The broad majestic river, acorns yield  
The tow'ring oak. Simplicity of means  
The channel of omnipotence becomes,  
And instruments the world supremely scorns  
Rise glorious in results. As from the bed  
Of the deep sea, the coral insect rears  
Gigantic piles, immovably secure  
In storms and furious wave, and broadly lays  
The strong foundations of some future isle  
In ocean's vast abyss—thus rise aloft,  
One knows not how, so suddenly they spring  
From deep obscurity, the glorious fruits  
Of persevering labours, efforts made  
In suff'ring and neglect, the prayers and tears  
Of simple men—a savage race reclaim'd,  
Their nature chang'd, society renew'd,  
Purg'd of admitted vice, reorganized.  
Raised like an island o'er the mighty flood  
Of evil that engulphs a deluged world,  
A safe retreat, were wand'ring seeds may fall,  
And righteous plants take root, while God protects  
His providence around, like coral reefs,  
To shield it from the ocean's furious wave.

---

~~SECRET~~ - ~~ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED~~



**LONDON:**

**PRINTED BY G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.**

